

*THERE  
WAS  
PERHAPS...*

MALPAÍS EDICIONES

*There Was Perhaps*

Primera edición, agosto de 2017

D.R. © 2017 Alejandra España Natera

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**CULTURA**  
SECRETARÍA DE CULTURA



# THERE was PERHAPS...

ALEJANDRA ESPAÑA

LIBRO III





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H O M A G E

*There Was Perhaps a First Vision  
Attempted in the Flower, plate 2 from  
8 from "Les Origines" 1883. Odilon  
Redon. To: María Zambrano, William  
Blake, Roald Dahl, Shel Silverstein,  
Edward Gorey & Carl Sagan.*

*Con profundo agradecimiento a Malpaís  
Ediciones, SS, Leonardo Pérez, Juan  
Puig, Guita Schyfter, Larry Goldsmith,  
Jim Orford y a Guillermina Natera.*

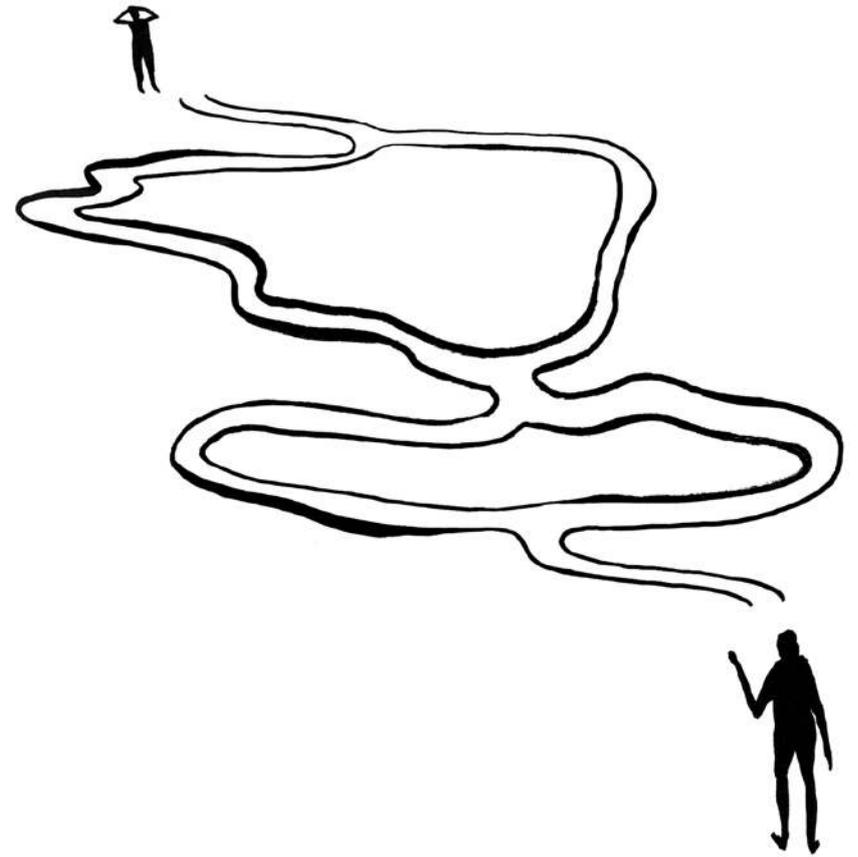
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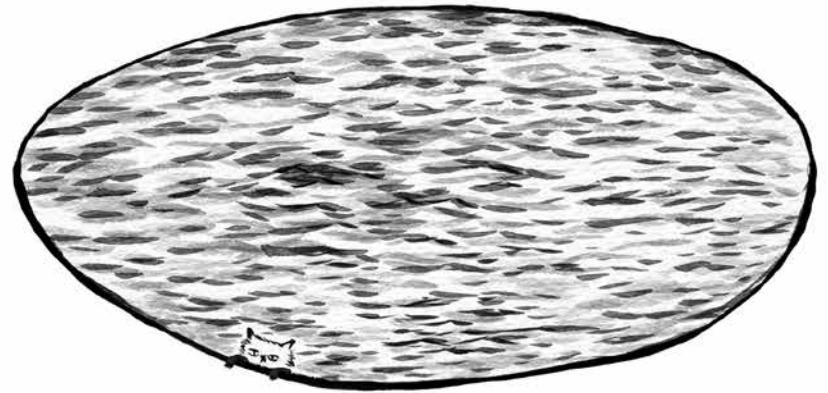
There was perhaps  
a time not long ago



There was perhaps  
no illusion at all



There was perhaps  
one river or two



There was perhaps  
a cat in the soup

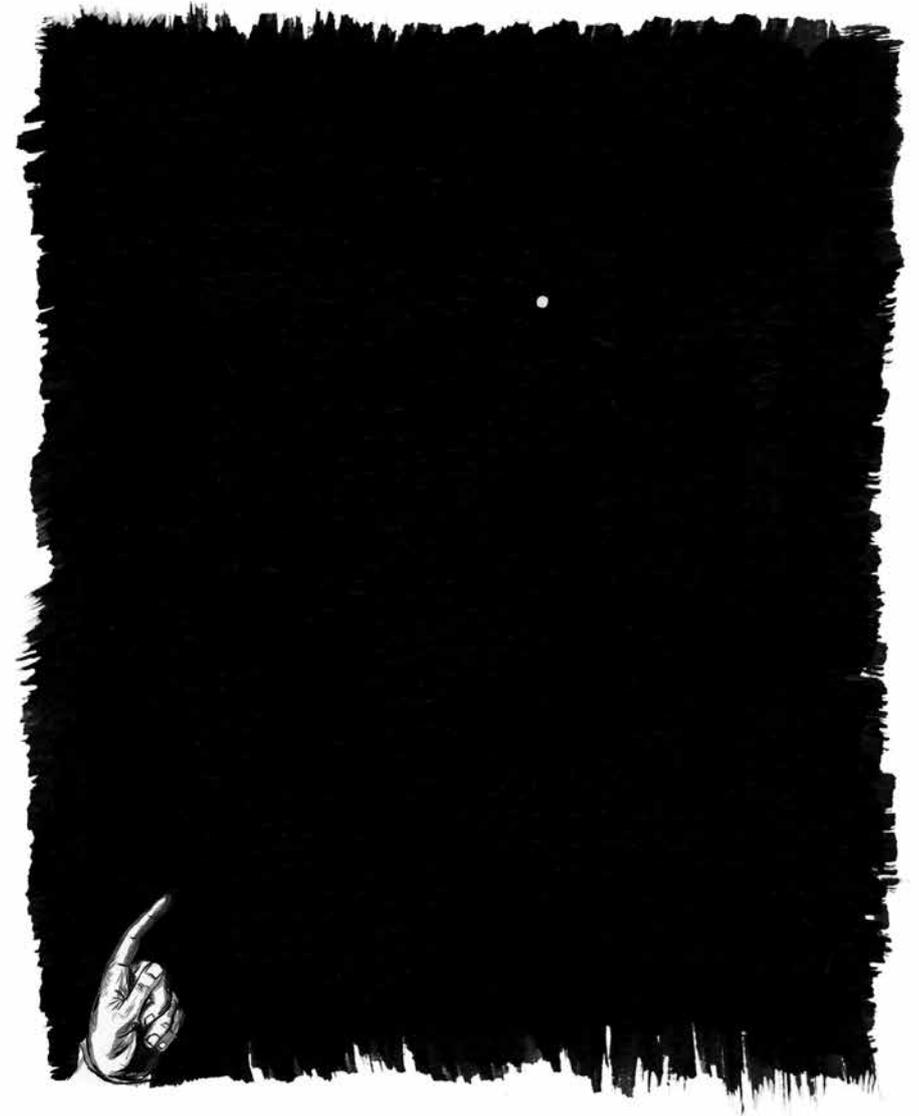


There was perhaps  
nothing to lose



There was perhaps  
a way to evoke

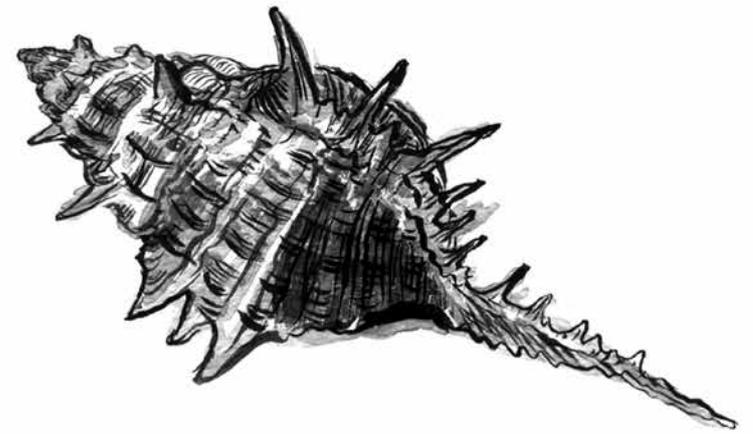
There was perhaps  
a time not long ago  
There was perhaps  
no illusion at all  
There was perhaps  
one river or two  
There was perhaps  
a cat in the soup  
There was perhaps  
nothing to lose  
There was perhaps  
a way to evoke



There was perhaps  
just dust in the sky



There was perhaps  
Mr. Dead and Ms. Alive



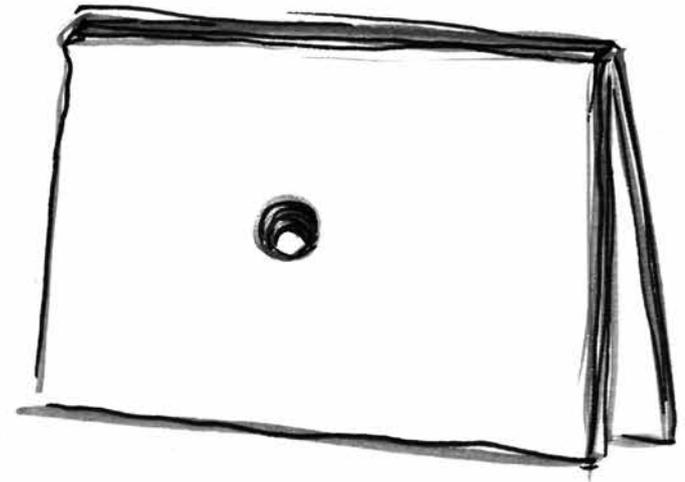
There was perhaps  
the sound of swelling seas



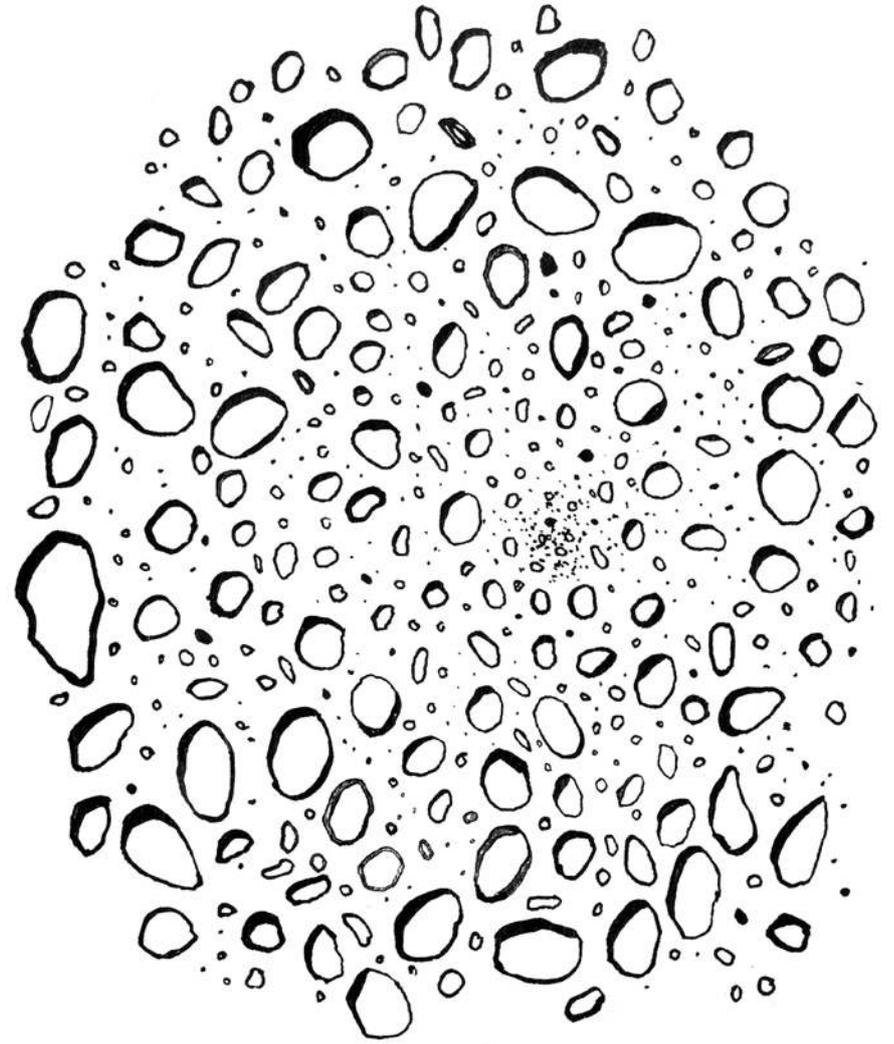
There was perhaps  
more than one giving tree



There was perhaps  
the beginning of something

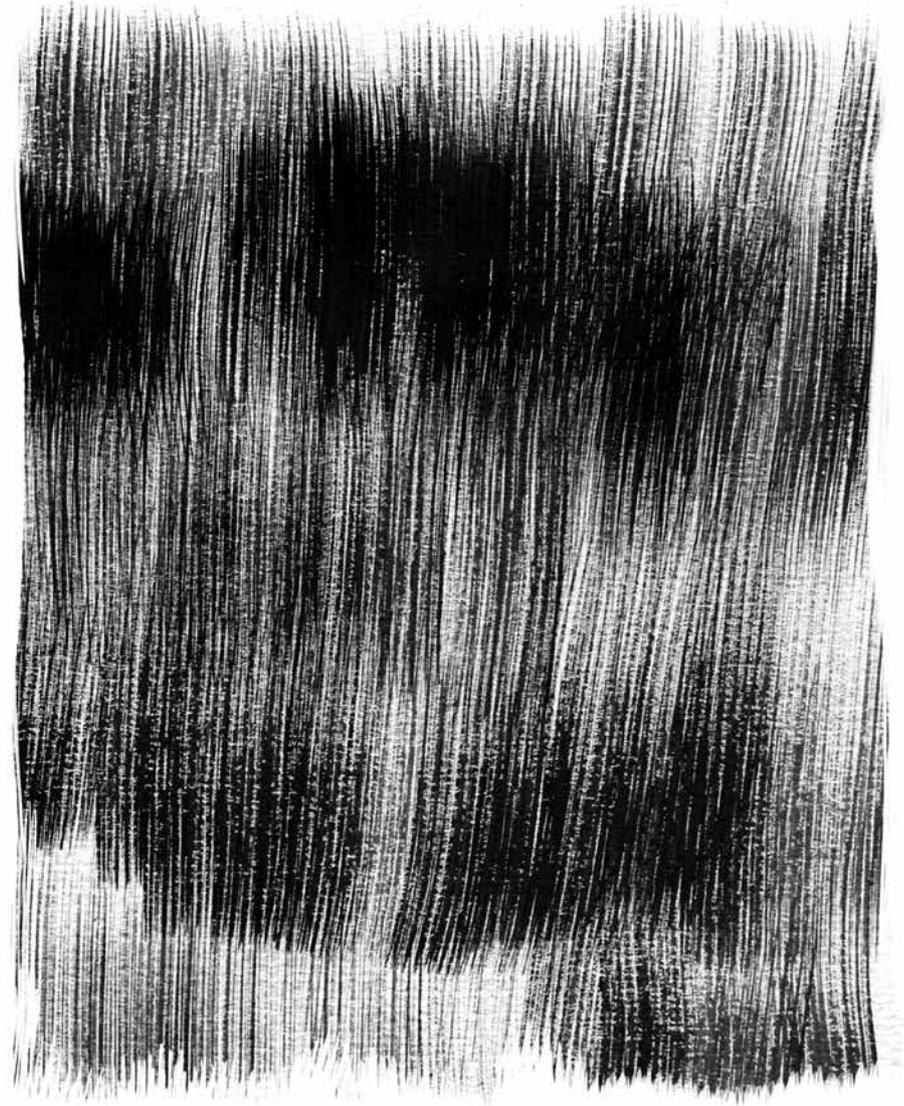


There was perhaps  
just my confusing mind



There was perhaps  
a pale blue dot in the sky

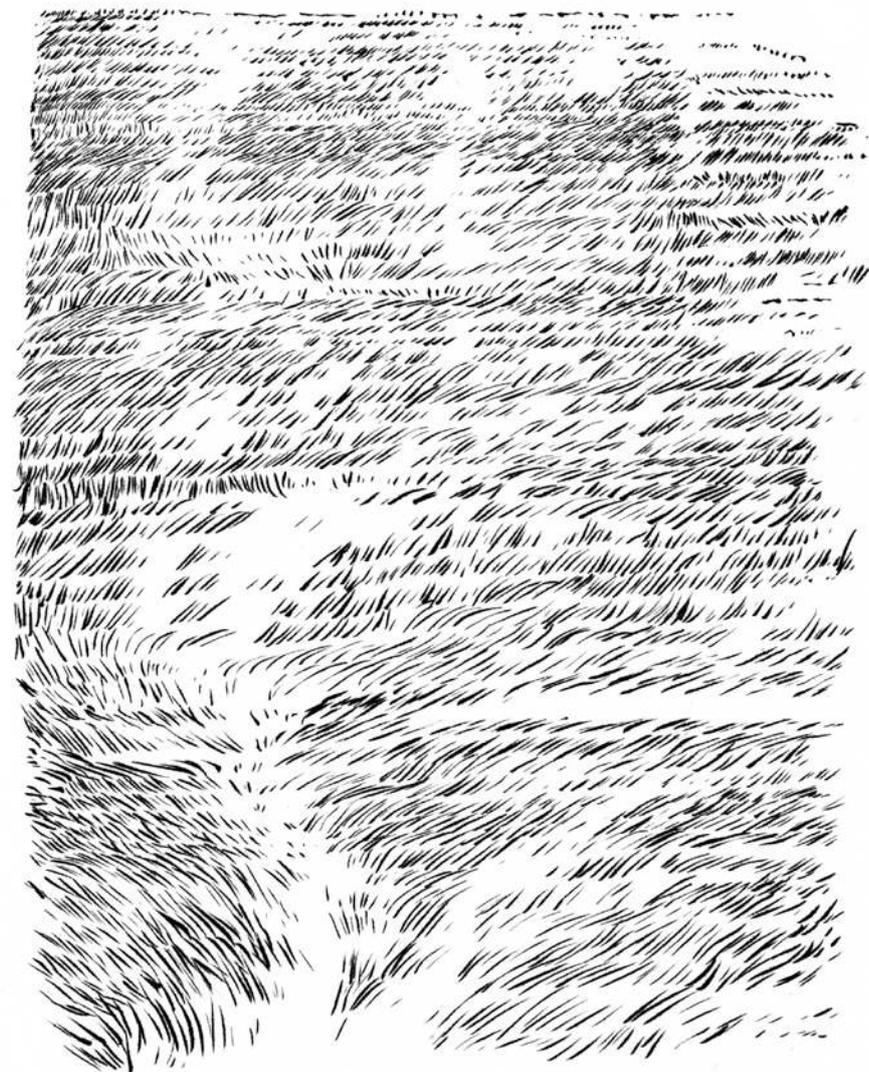
There was perhaps  
Mr. Dead and Ms. Alive  
There was perhaps  
the sound of swelling seas  
There was perhaps  
more than one giving tree  
There was perhaps  
the beginning of something  
There was perhaps  
just my confusing mind  
There was perhaps  
a pale blue dot in the sky



There was perhaps  
a drawing born from a cloud



There was perhaps  
something impetuous & wild



There was perhaps  
a whisper for you



There was perhaps  
no afterlife



There was perhaps  
no sense at all



There was perhaps  
something vanishing all the time



There was perhaps  
a trembling in the void

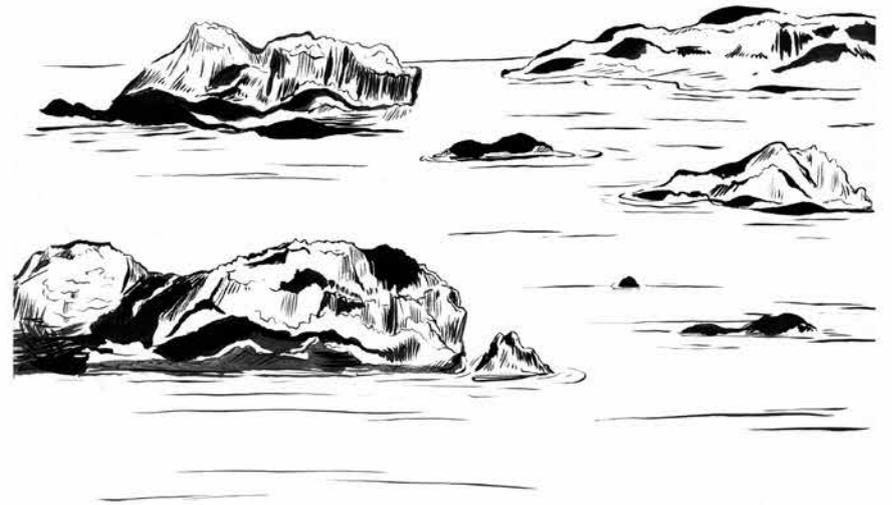
There was perhaps  
something impetuous & wild  
There was perhaps  
a whisper for you  
There was perhaps  
no afterlife  
There was perhaps  
no sense at all  
There was perhaps  
something vanishing all the time  
There was perhaps  
a trembling in the void



There was perhaps  
a way to be conscious of all



There was perhaps  
a way to rebuild



There was perhaps  
nothing left, nothing alive



There was perhaps  
the darkness inside



There was perhaps  
the seed of emptiness



There was perhaps  
the fact that you noticed it

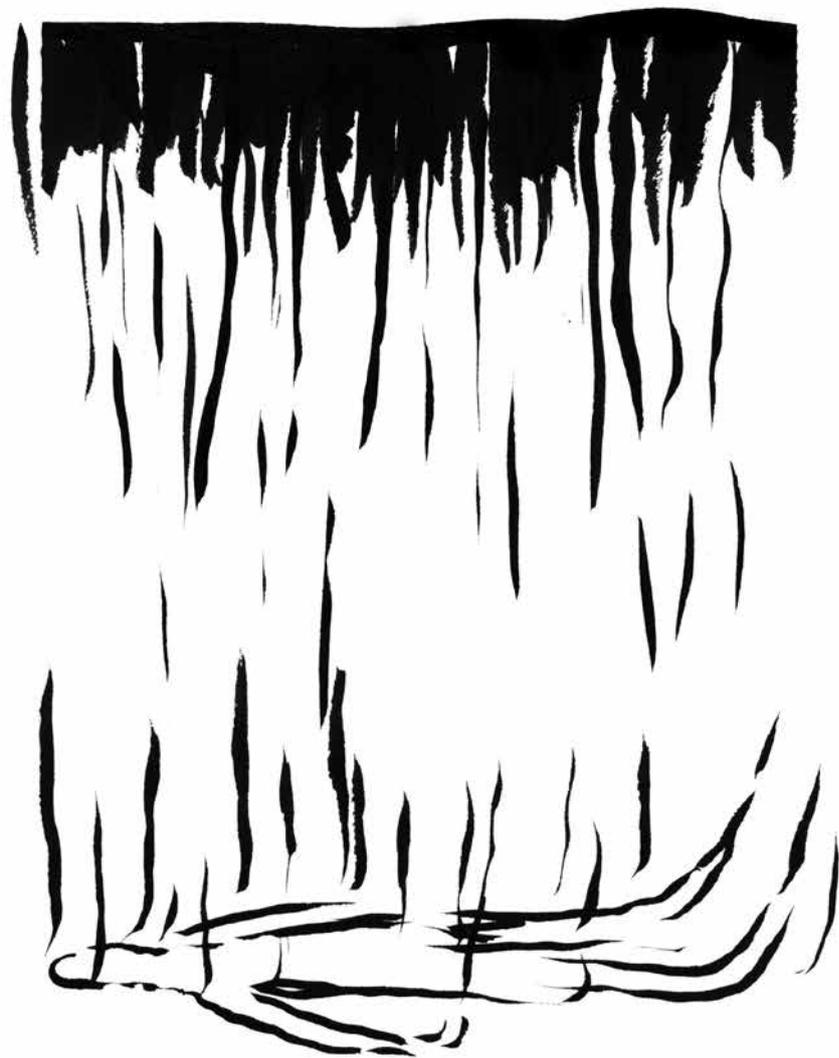


There was perhaps  
an attempt at formlessness

There was perhaps  
a way to rebuild  
There was perhaps  
nothing left, nothing alive  
There was perhaps  
the darkness inside  
There was perhaps  
the seed of emptiness  
There was perhaps  
the fact that you noticed it  
There was perhaps  
an attempt at formlessness



There was perhaps  
the invisible becoming visible



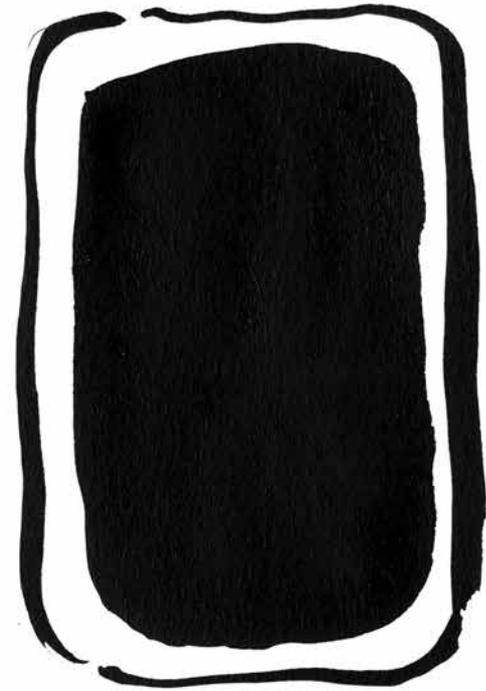
There was perhaps  
just the present time



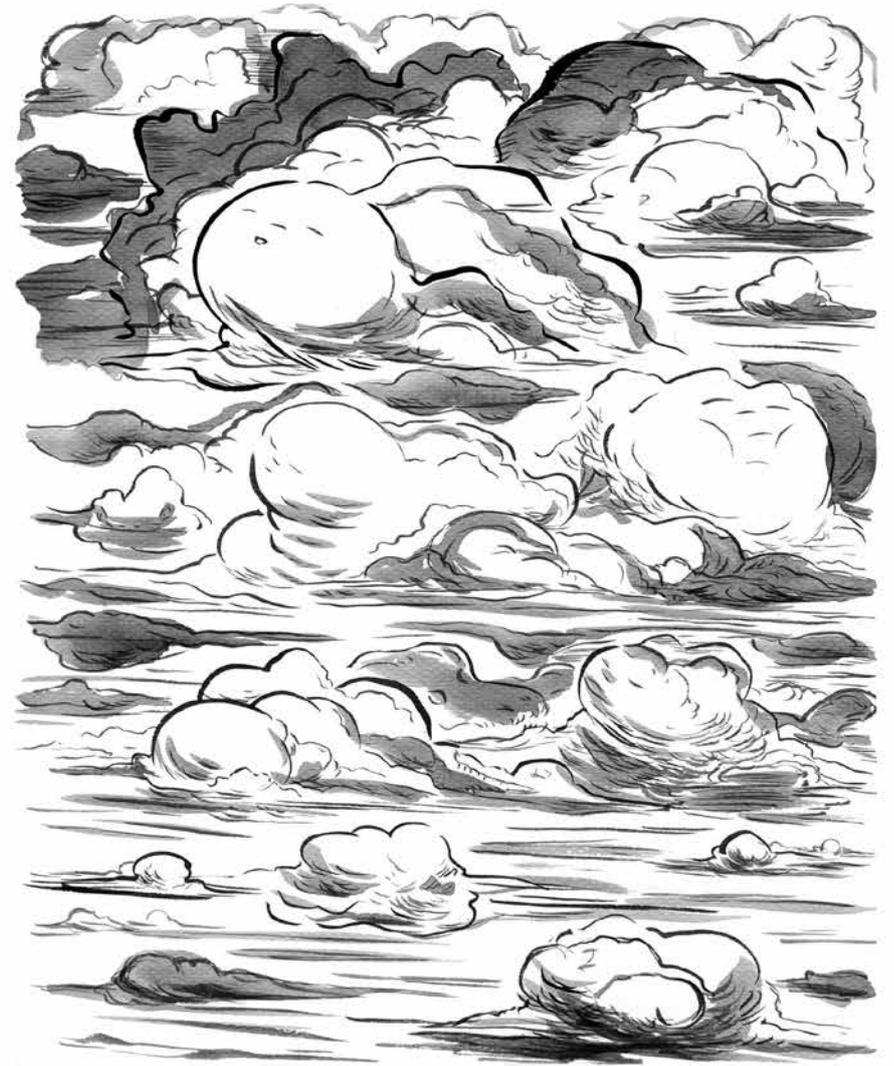
There was perhaps  
something unexpected about to happen



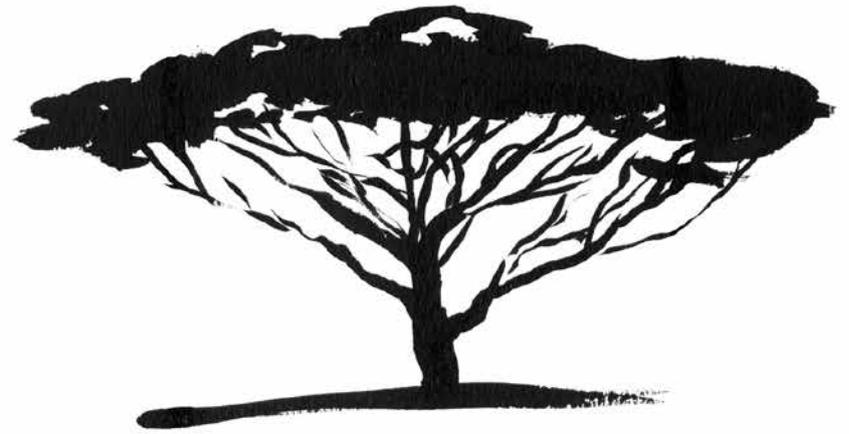
There was perhaps  
a journey with no return



There was perhaps  
a reality that all we know



There was perhaps  
something never ever thought



There was perhaps  
a way to recall

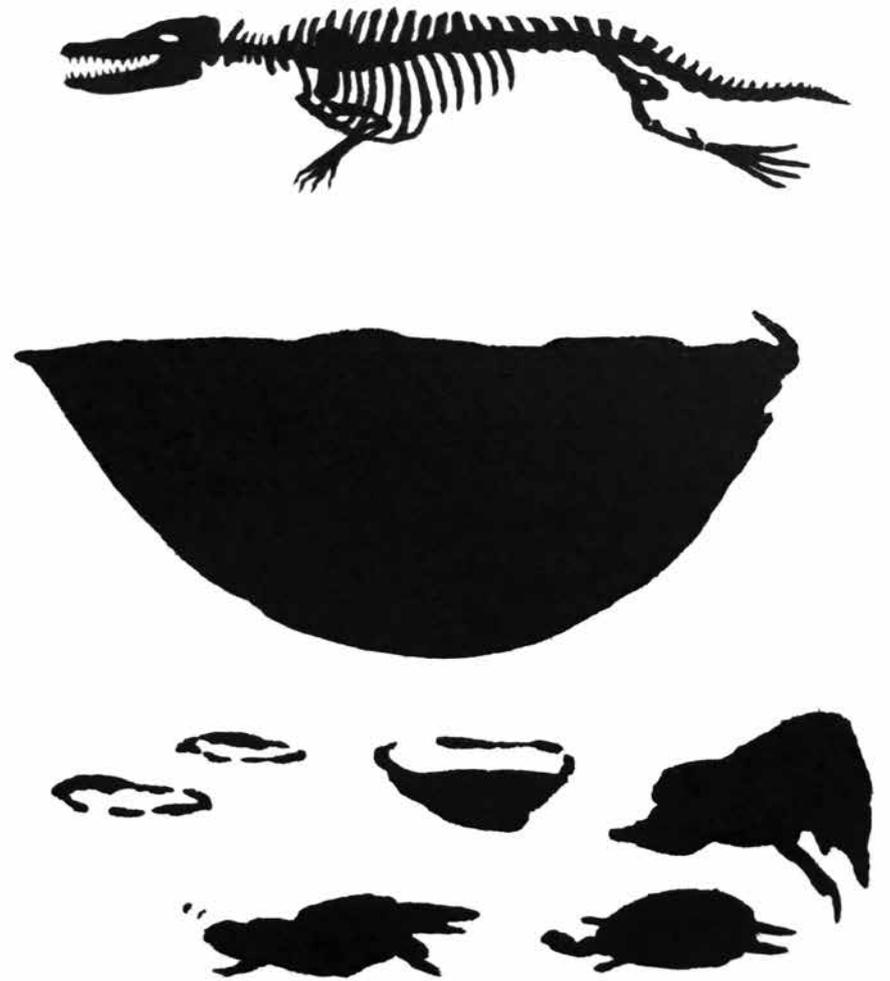
There was perhaps  
just the present time  
There was perhaps  
something unexpected about to happen  
There was perhaps  
a journey with no return  
There was perhaps  
a reality that all we know  
There was perhaps  
something never ever thought  
There was perhaps  
a way to recall



There was perhaps  
something deep inside



There was perhaps  
nothing left to seek



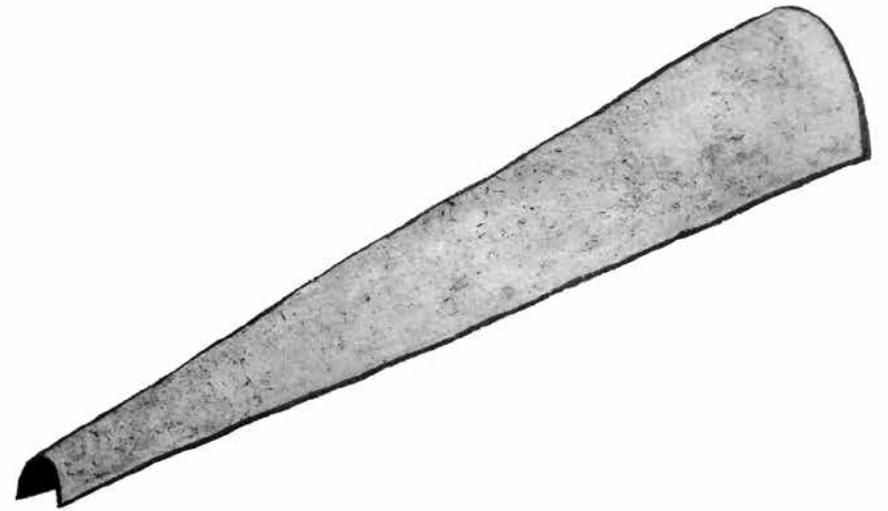
There was perhaps  
a shadow of things



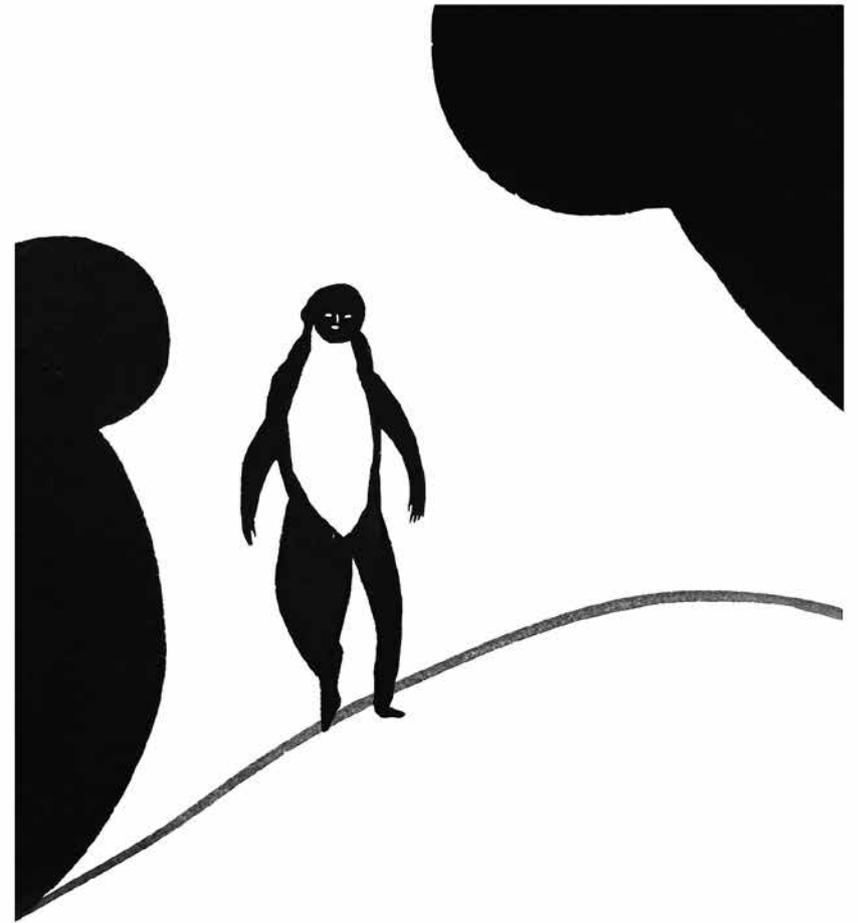
There was perhaps  
nothing else... no reason why



There was perhaps  
the end of time



There was perhaps  
a space full of emptiness



There was perhaps  
immensity among us

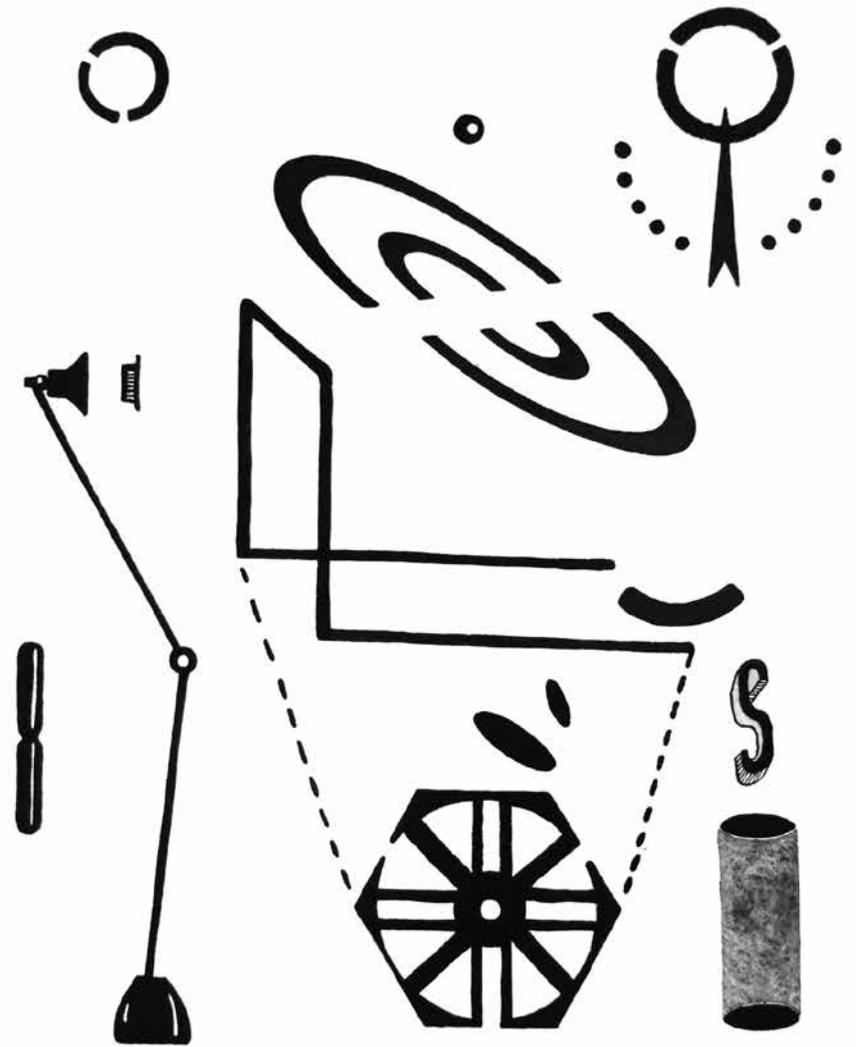
There was perhaps  
nothing left to seek  
There was perhaps  
a shadow of things  
There was perhaps  
nothing else... no reason why  
There was perhaps  
the end of time  
There was perhaps  
a space full of emptiness  
There was perhaps  
immensity among us



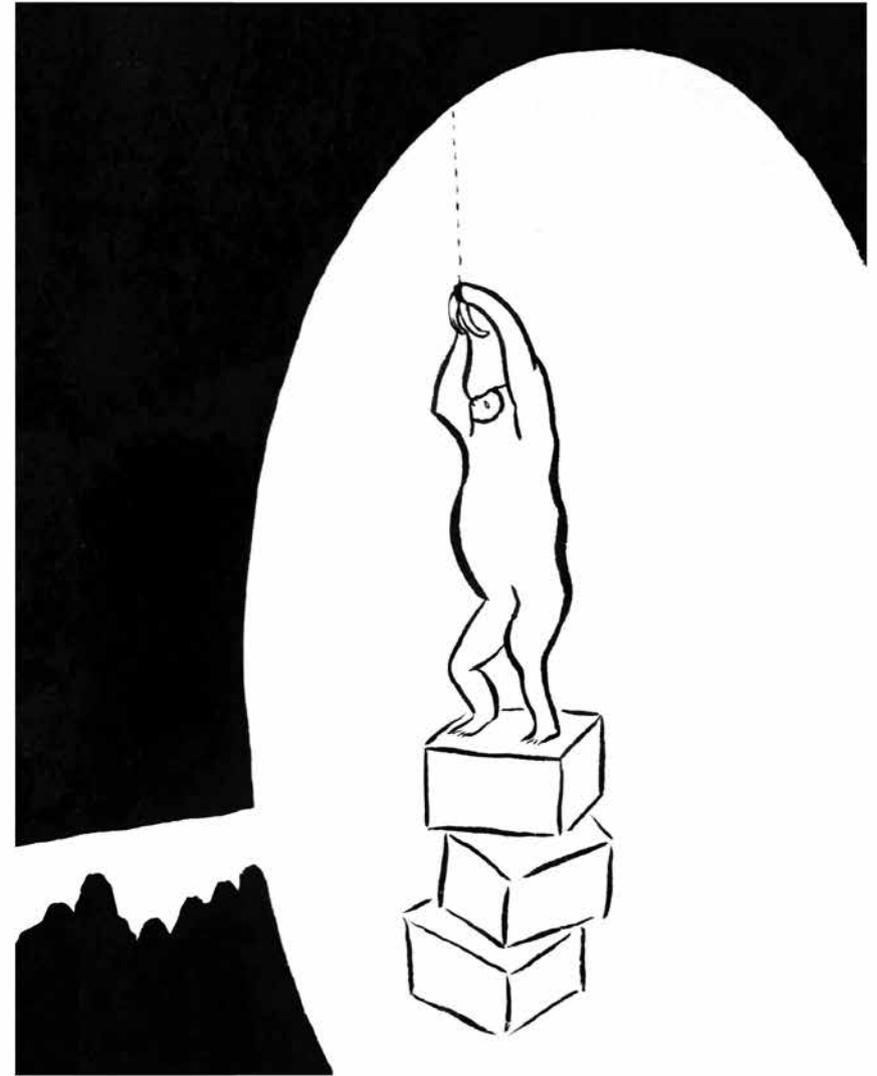
There was perhaps  
something that smelled of mystery



There was perhaps  
a hole in space



There was perhaps  
something I never did, write or draw



There was perhaps  
a matter of perception



There was perhaps  
a way to contain the space

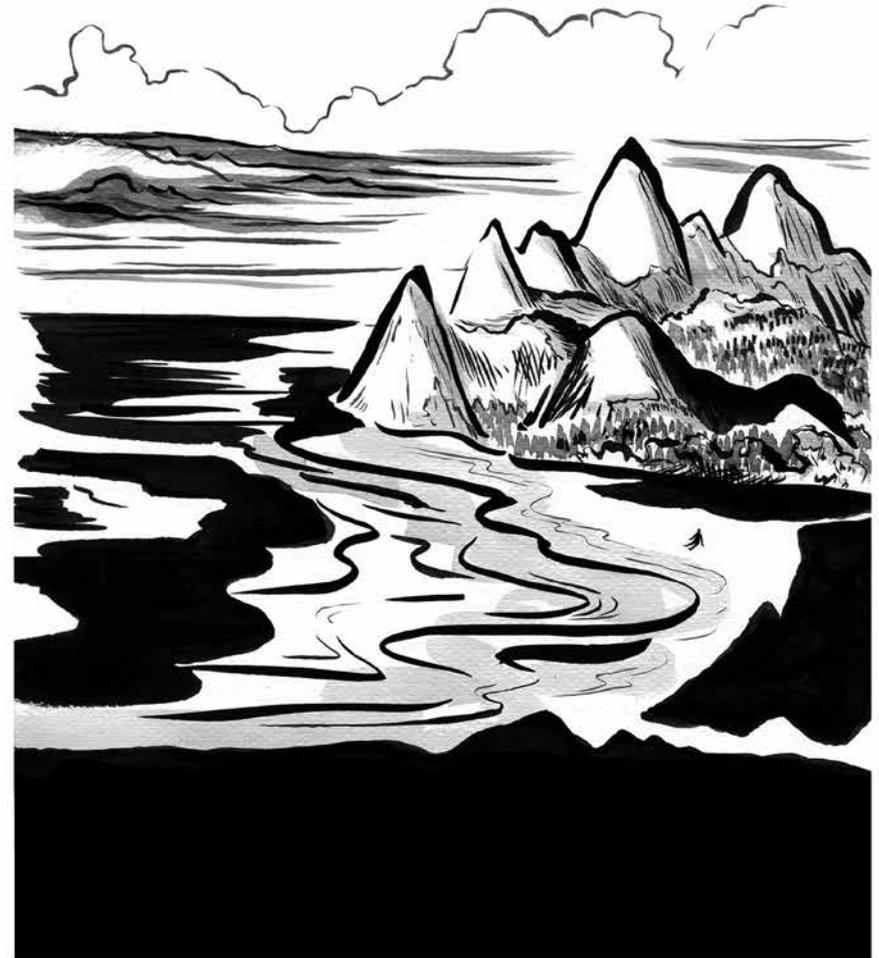


There was perhaps  
a memory imbued with scents



There was perhaps  
just a matter of time

There was perhaps  
a hole in space  
There was perhaps  
something I never did, write or draw  
There was perhaps  
a matter of perception  
There was perhaps  
a way to contain the space  
There was perhaps  
a memory imbued with scents  
There was perhaps  
just a matter of time



There was perhaps...  
perhaps there was.

D E L A  
S A L I D A  
A L A  
E N T R A D A ,  
S O B R E  
T H E R E W A S P E R H A P S

D E  
A L E J A N D R A  
E S P A Ñ A



E L I E Z E R

■■■■ La belleza se encuentra en combinaciones extrañas e irrepetibles. Así de la gota de tinta o el sabor amargo entre lo dulce, puede resultar el cambio honesto que necesita una regularidad para transformarse en única. ■■■■ Este nuevo título de Malpaís Ediciones presenta un caso en donde la ecuación se despliega con gracia y puntualidad. *There Was Perhaps* de Alejandra España es justamente en principio una página en blanco que busca la singularidad. ■■■■ En un recorrido entre sombras, el poema se pregunta por la dirección. Los paisajes se van abriendo en la medida en que las páginas tratan de mantener el paso. Y tan pronto como ha comenzado, el camino llega a término. Simplemente para subrayar la misma inquietud. ¿Qué es la dirección? ■■■■ En más relación con la vida que con la escritura, *There Was Perhaps* está inscrito en el terreno de las variaciones y los instintos. Donde cada lectura está sugerida como la última en pos de la deriva hacia los otros sentidos. De manera que el paseo iniciado, no termina a sugerencia, como es costumbre, del autor, sino que se prolonga hasta las posibilidades de cada uno de los lectores.

■■■■

■ Si la invitación es a la pérdida, este libro es más peligroso que inocente. Es más sugerente que infantil. Es más intrincado que complejo. O todo lo contrario.

■ Tal pareciera que entre sus costuras se oculta el otro significado de sus planteamientos, el disruptor que a la vista engaña pero que, en la medida en que la obra se vuelve íntima, intoxica su existencia. ■ Libros como éste se alejan del cotidiano editorial triunfando en su capricho, recordándonos que antes que huecos o articulaciones, las palabras fueron imágenes ligadas a la magia y la creación al inicio de nuestro tiempo. ■

Entonces Alejandra España y Malpaís Ediciones presentan algo como un libro, o un libro entero, o un libro de artista, o todo lo contrario. En esta partida de ajedrez el jaque depende de la astucia del contrincante para encontrar dentro de la lógica el error de donde despierta toda obra de arte. ■





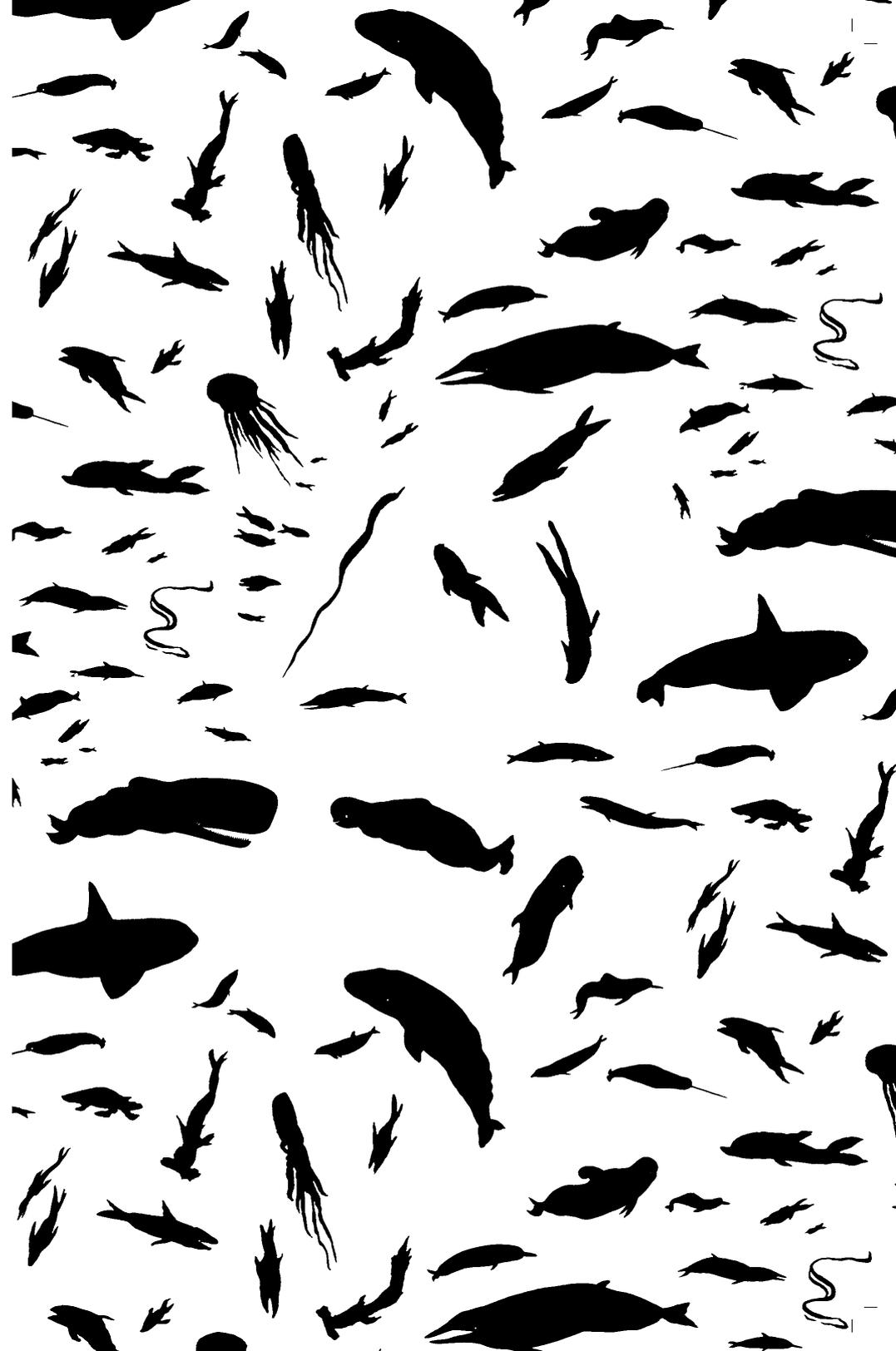
Esta edición fue impresa por Jazael Olgúin Zapata en los talleres de Cooperativa Cráter Invertido, Joaquín García Icazbalceta 32-B, Colonia San Rafael, Ciudad de México, en el mes de agosto de 2017. El tiro fue de 200 ejemplares numerados. La edición estuvo a cargo de Gabriela Astorga, Iván Cruz Osorio, Benjamín E. Morales y Santiago Solís.

Para su composición tipográfica se utilizó: *Adobe Jenson Pro* (original de Nicolas Jenson versión Adobe de Robert Slimbach) y letra a mano.

NO.        / 200

FIRMA

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